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The EXAMINER.

From Monday May 24, to Friday May 28, 1714.

Quo vobis mentes, rectæ quæ ſtare ſolebant
Antehac, dementes ſeſe flexere via? Ennius.

WHEN a *Party*, or Body of Men engaged in any Political Deſign, have but one Point in view, or only a ſingle Difficulty to get over; in order to regain a Power they have loſt, or to improve and ſecure it when in Poſſeſſion; it is natural for them to bend all their Forces that way, and to labour that Point inceſſantly, with all the Strength and Artifice of which they are Maſters. The *Whigs* at preſent are reduced to theſe forlorn Circumſtances: They have only *Machiavil's* Game to play, To *Divide and Rule*. The Splitting and Breaking the *Tories* to pieces, is all they have for it; and therefore to this Work they apply themſelves, with unwearied Application and Diligence. They know they are a Mole-hill to a Mountain; all the little Inſects and Reptiles quarter'd in the Bowels of it, can no more ſwell it to a Rival's proportion, than the Toad could ſtrut with the Ox. But if that Mountain Harbours any Combuſtible Seeds, if it be ſubject to Earthquakes, or admits wild Beaſts of all ſorts to burrow and lodge themſelves in it; by degrees it will moulder and crumble, and ſink perhaps at laſt to the Level of the loweſt Valley. Whether the Faction would be able to ſucceed to their Heart's content, and firmly eſtabliſh themſelves, if this main Obſtruction were removed, and they had actually broken in upon the *Preſent M——y*, may be juſtly made a Queſtion; at leaſt among ſuch of them, who think coolly, and look further than the Bigots and *Canaille* of their Party: Becauſe for the ſake of Numbers, and, in imitation of their *Military Scheme*, they have really jumbled together ſuch a motly confuſed Maſs of People, have liſted ſo many *Faggots*, made Alliances with ſuch variety of Sects, Orders, and Religions, and put ſo many *Deſerters* into Commiſſion under them (who will not be made Tools of, but according to their Weight and Services, may reaſonably expect to have their Ambition gratified, as well as thoſe of the *Old Corpſe*) that they are miſerably ſplit and divided; and whoever looks over their *Temporal* and *Spiritual*, their *Civil* and *Military*, their *Engliſh* and *Iriſh Liſts*, will find it hard to judge; whether upon the next Turn of Affairs, *Great Whig* or *Little Whig*, *Trueman* or *Convert*, *Whig* or *Whiggiſh*, *Stanch* or *Whimſical*, ſhall reign. We may ſay to them, as they do to us; or as both of us do to the *Church* of *Rome*: They have their *Regulars* and *Seculars*, their *Court* and *Church-Catholicks*, their *Janſeniſts* and *Moliniſts*, in ſpite of their boaſted *Unity*, and Care for preſerving the *Pale*. But our Buſineſs is rather to Reform our ſelves, than to Upbraid others. Let us not put them in mind of their Diviſions; but endeavour to heal and compoſe our own. For 'tis but a poor Shift and a weak Reflection, to comfort our ſelves under our preſent Corruptions, with a perſuaſion, that our Enemies labour under greater. And it would be exceſs of Wantonneſs to give *Faction* an Opportunity and Power to ruin themſelves, by leaving them to their own Inteſtine Feuds and Animoſities, and giving up the Cauſe into their Hands, when there is no neceſſity of any ſuch Trial; becauſe it is impoſſible to ſeparate the Diverſion of that *Experiment*, from the Dangers and Miſchiefs, which muſt unavoidably attend it. If therefore the *Whigs* look to the Diviſions of the *Tories*, as their moſt hopeful Proſpect; we ought to provide a timely and efficacious Remedy for this Evil. If they make their Attack on this ſide, we ſhould Fortify and Guard it, with equal Aſſiduity. For it is impoſſible for the keeneſt Malice to invent any thing in *Satire*, or fix a Diſgrace upon us, more ſharp and ſevere than that, which with ſo much Juſtice would fall to our ſhare; ſhould we ſuffer our ſelves to become a Prey to them by Civil Diſcord and Contention, after we had been ſo long Bann'd and Reproach'd by them, under the Glorious Title of *Peace-Makers*.

'Tis true indeed, they ſeem to aim at another main Point, beſides that of Dividing us. But this is only a *Blind* and *Feint*, and ſerves merely as a little *Under-plot* to the grand Deſign and *Cataſtrophe*. They would divert our preſent Induſtry, break our Ranks, and take us off from all *Compoſing Meaſures*, and from purſuing *Peace* and *Unity* (the Sum and Security of all our Intereſt and Happineſs) by hawling us to the *Teleſcope*, and amuſing us with a long remote Proſpect; with diſtant Terrors and Dangers, with which they threaten and affright us; whilſt we overlook *Britain*, and wander upon the Continent, for that Repoſe and Felicity this *Happy Iſle* was once uſed to afford us. All the *Procraſtination*, ſo much complained of among us, is owing to theſe *Chimera's* afar off; to Apprehenſions of *To Morrow*, the *Theory* of a *Panick*, and terrible Ideas of Futurity. Hence every little *Scare-crow Maker* and Dabbler in Politicks, can ſay to us, at every Step we take, —— *Hark!* —— *Who's That!* —— *Do you not ſee him coming?* —— *Have a care.* —— *Tread ſoftly. Some People muſt be anſwerable for the Conſequences.* —— *A Day will come.* —— And with theſe mighty Reaſons and eternal Truths they pretend to diſpirit the nobleſt Reſolutions, and to put by the moſt hopeful Deſigns. But whoever knows any thing of *Divinity*, *Morality*, or *Government*, or has read this Subject with Attention, either in *Sacred* or *Profane* Authors, *Poets* or *Orators*, *Greeks* or *Romans*, *Antients* or *Moderns*; will readily own, that nothing hath been more expoſed as direct Folly and Madneſs, or treated with more Contempt, than too great a Sollicitude and Care for *To Morrow*. All the *Inſpired Writers*, who were more immediately concern'd in Government, are copious upon this Head. The *Divine Author of our Religion*, hath made our Duty herein clear and eaſy to us. The *Pagans*, by the Light of Nature, ſaw far into the Folly and Weakneſs of this Vice. *Ariſtotle*, *Plato*, *Demoſthenes*, *Cicero*, *Seneca*, *Horace*, *Perſius*, and moſt of the great *Genii* of *Antiquity*, have touch'd upon it in very ſtrong Colours; tho' with different Views: After whom the *Moderns* of Note took up the Subject, and carried it into all the Offices and Relations of Life.

Nor

Nor is this the Doctrine only of *Theologists*, *Poets*, *Moralists*, and *Philosophers* of all Sects, but of *Statesmen* and *Politicians*; whose Schemes and Undertakings are as much obstructed by this fooliſh Error, as the *Christian*'s Peace of Conſcience, the *Husbandman*'s Gain, the *Epicurean*'s Pleaſure, the *Philiſopher*'s Temper, or the *Good Subject*'s Liberty. *To Morrow* is indeed the Ideot's Dream, and the Market of Fools. He, who looks to that only, forfeits all his Poſſeſſions, and is ſecure of nothing. It is a *Blank* in Nature; and the Image of Death, within a Day's March of us. The next Morning after *Cæſar* and *Alexander* expir'd, was their *To Morrow*; and what then was *Cæſar* or *Alexander*? As well might we expect to ſet our *Weathercocks* or *Barometers* for futurity, as lay Schemes and form Deſigns, upon as great a Contingency as the Caſt of a Dye, or the Flight of a Cloud. Such is the Vanity of *Political Haruſpacy*! *To Morrow* is all Speculation; and only *To Day* was made for Uſe and Practice. He who loſes that, loſes all the Time that is in his Power. Our Angle and Net reach only to that part of the Current which is before us:

——*To Morrow, To Morrow, and To Morrow*
Creeps in a ſliding Pace from Day to Day,
To the laſt Moment of recorded Time:
And all our Yeſterdays have lighted Fools
To their eternal Homes.——

He, who remedies a preſent Evil, acts up to the Sufficiency of human Nature. He, who truly underſtands what is right and fit, who makes that the Standard of his Reſolutions, and executes thoſe Reſolutions the Moment they are in Seaſon; makes the beſt Proviſion for Futurity, and ſecures a Reputation for Wiſdom, whatever Events follow; which will be another's, in ſpite of our Anticipations. There is ſuch a Vertue as Caution, ſuch a Faculty as Foreſight, and ſuch an Art as Cunning, which the Corruptions of Mankind have made a neceſſary part of *Politicks*: But there are Extreams that turn each of theſe to a Vice: There is a Caution, which is Sloth and Supineneſs; a Foreſight, which is Cowardice and Irreſolution; and a ſort of Cunning, which, by alarming Mankind, draws on more Dangers than it is able to defend it ſelf againſt. Some Principles and Notions of Right and Wrong are ſo clear, and the Deſigns reſulting from them ſo neceſſary to be undertaken and purſu'd, that every Delay therein is Criminal. Upon theſe, *Horace* forms that fine Character of Courage and Integrity.

Juſtum & tenacem propoſiti virum,
Non civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus inſtantis tyranni
Mente quatit ſolida, neq; Auſter

Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ:
Nec fulminantis magna Jovis manus.
Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

The great Governor of the World often *produces*, at leaſt *allows of* Events, which may ſerve to try the Vertues of the beſt and greateſt of his Creatures; and in ſpite of the ſanctify'd Vizor, there cannot be a greater Inſtance of Weakneſs and Impiety, than when Men plead the *Neceſſity of Affairs* in excuſe for the Violation of unalterable Truths. By which Argument the greateſt *Villains* and *Enthuſiaſts* have been tempted to call *Succeſs*, *A Good Cauſe*, and to look upon *natural Events* as a *Divine Diſpenſation* for the Breach of *Reveal'd Precepts*.

If Time were of any *Party*, or could be made either *Whig* or *Tory*, the Art of *Prophecy* would be the only true *Politicks*. But whilſt we keep *to the Law and to the Teſtimony*, whilſt Truth and Juſtice are maintain'd, and a good Cauſe firmly ſettled and ſecur'd, the noiſy *HEREAFTER* of the *Whigs* is mere Puff and Air. Unleſs we are to be govern'd by *Chimera*'s inſtead of *Laws*, both *They* and their *Events* muſt give way to *the Powers in being*. They cannot enſure what is to come; and nothing but our Weakneſs can ſuffer them to make a *Scarecrow* out of an *Uncertainty*. Upon a right Uſe and Improvement of the *preſent Time*, depends all that can be depended upon of *Hereafter*; and therefore when they tell us, how much they *Hope*, and how much we ought to *Fear*, no legal Proviſions ſhould be omitted, that may diſappoint them in both; either by removing the Suggeſtion, if it be well-grounded; or by undeceiving the People, if it be not.

But (as I have already hinted) theſe Menaces at a diſtance, are mere Amuſement; and ſerve only to divert our Apprehenſions from their proper Objects. All that the *Tories* ought to Fear and Guard againſt, is the Danger of Inteſtine Quarrels and Diſſentions: And herein they would do well to take the Advice of an Enemy, at leaſt to follow their Example. Did they give up all private Pique and Difference to the Intereſt of a *Bad Cauſe*? So ſhould the *Tories* do for a good One, Had they their Leaders and Mediators, to enquire into, to adjuſt and reconcile all Miſunderſtandings? The *Tories* ſhould have the ſame; and ought to pay the ſame Deference to their Arbitration. They have a Power at their Head, ſo very good and ſo fam'd for *Peace-making*, that no loyal Subject can withſtand *Her* Interpoſition in an Affair of ſuch Conſequence. Can the *Whigs* unite with Men of oppoſite Principles and of many Religions? And ſhall the *Tories* offer to break with their Partners in one and the ſame Cauſe, for Trifles and Punctilio's? Do the *Whigs* conſpire in a thouſand Abſurdities and Blunders to their own Ruin? And ſhall the *Tories* take the only falſe Step, that can retrieve a ſinking Enemy? Have they their *Aſſemblies* and *Provinces*, where all Buſineſs is concerted, and each Man's Part aſſign'd him? Why then are the *Tories* ſcatter'd, and become ſuch Strangers to one another?

I remember the Time, when the *Tories* at the Helm, were but a handful of Men, in compariſon of the *Whigs*; and yet how Weighty was that *little Body*? What a glorious Stand did they make? How was the *Veſtal Fire* preſerv'd; and the *Cauſe* kept alive for better Times, and to a Day of Deliverance? A few *Names* then, a few *Letters* were the Terror of a Domineering *Party*. Such was the Power of Concord and Unanimity! The *H*——*y*'s, *S*——*r*'s, *H*——*t*'s, *F*——*b*'s, *E*——*y*'s, *S*——*n*'s, *H*——*n*'s, *I*——*s*'s, *T*——*r*'s, at that time did Wonders: And why cannot thoſe Men, who Sav'd us in the *Worſt of Times*, compleat our Happineſs in the *Beſt*.

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